THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XII, THIRD QUARTER, INTER-NATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 21.

Text of the Lesson, Deut. xxxiv, 1-12. Memory Verses, 10-12-Golden Text. Ex. xxxiii, 11 - Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1902, by American Press Asso-1-3. And the Lord shewed him all the

• Read with prayer and reliance upon the Holy Spirit the parallel passages in Num. xxvii, 12-17; Deut. iii, 23-29; xxxii, 48-52, and notice Moses' great desire to go over into the land, his prayer to God that he might be permitted to do so, God's refusal to allow him, Moses' meek submission and his request that some one be appointed in his stead, so that Israel might not be as sheep which have no shepherd. Observe that it was Moses' sin when he disobeyed God at Kadesh in striking the rock instead of speaking to it and thus failed to sanctify God in the eyes of Israel that kept him from entering the promised land at that time. See Num. xx, 7-13, in connection with the

4. I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over

above passages.

When Moses pleaded to be permitted to go over, the word from the Lord was, "Let it suffice thee, speak no more unto Me of this matter" (Deut. III, 26), and that was enough. It was Israel's sin in murmuring and rebelling that led Moses to sin, but that did not excuse Moses. How holy is our God, and what holiness He requires in us! And who is equal to it? Fallure is seen in Adam, in Noah, in Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, in Moses and Aaron, in David and Elijab, in the apostles and everywhere. There is none good but one. That is God. And Jesus was God manifest in the flesh. It is only as He is manifested in us by His Spirit that our life will be what He desires.

5-7. Moses was an hundred and twenty years old when he died. His eye was not dim nor his natural force abated.

When Aaron died, Moses and Eleazar were with him, but no one was with Moses when he died. He had often been alone with God, on two different occasions for forty days and nights at a time, but previous to this occasion he had always come back to continue with the people. Now in health and vigor of body and in the use of all his faculties he went up into the mountain alone and returned to Israel no more. Out from the earthly tabernacle in which he had sojourned for 120 years Moses, the servant of the Lord. went to live with God forever. No sickness, no suffering, as far as we know, but he just closed his eyes to earth and entered into the presence of God and of the redcemed and of the holy angels, absent from the body. present with the Lord, which was very far better for him (Phil. i. 21. He 's still there alive and well, and after more than 1,400 years from the time of his departure Peter and the others saw him on the Mount of Transfiguration with Jesus Christ, as he and Elijah spake with our Lord of His approaching decease (Luke ix. 30-32). The body of Moses was buried. but no man being present no man knows where, for God has not seen fit to tell. To bury bodies in the earth is Scriptural, to burn with fire is heathenish, though it matters little how the body is disposed of, for God will raise It up (John v. 28; vi. 39, 40, 44, 54).

 And the children of Israel wept for Moses in the plains of Moab thirty days. Although the great enemy death can only bring gain to the believer, yet his work on the body is to be deplored. and our Lord Himself wept at the grave of Lazarus. Death came by sin. but in due time both death and sin shall be found no more on earth, but shall be destroyed (Hos. xill, 14; 1 Cor. xv. 26; Rev. xxi. 3, 4).

9. And Joshua the son of Nun was full of the spirit of wisdom, for Moses had laid his hands upon him.

When Moses asked that some one might be appointed to take his place, God designated Joshua as his successor (Num. xxvii, 18, 19), and now the people hearken to him as they had done to Moses. His story will come before us in the next quarter's lessons. Meanwhile let all be looking up the past mention of him and thus getting better acquainted with him.

10-12. And there arose not a prophet e unto Moses, whom the

since in Israel like unto Lord knew face to face. In many respects Moses stands alone; none like him. It is written of him. "And the Lord spake unto Moses face to face as a man speaketh unto his friend" (Ex. xxxiii, 11). But in Heb. iii we see how much greater Christ is than Moses, and in that epistle it is set forth how much higher Christ is than angels, than Moses or Aaron or Joshua or any other, our High Priest forever after the order of Melchisedec. The last two verses of our lesson set forth the way in which Moses was greater than any other prophet in the matter of the signs and wonders which God wrought by him in connection with Israel's deliverance from Egypt. A greater deliverance for Israel is drawing nigh, when with similar but greater wonders she shall be delivered from all nations and placed in her own and forever to the glory of God and the blessing of all nations (Jer. xvi. 17. 18; xxiii, 7, 8; Mic. vii, 15-20). Death may remove from earth a Joseph or a Moses or a Joshua, but the Lord liveth, and all the promises of God are yea and amen in Christ Jesus, and, like Isaiah when Uzziah died, we may look up into heaven and see a Priest-King who never dies, who said to John, "I am He that liveth and was dead, and, behold. I am alive for evermore, amen, and have the keys of hell

and of death" (II Cor. i, 20; Isa. vi, 1;

Rev. 1, 18).

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Good morning, uncle!" said Mark. Mornen, sah.

'Hev y' seen anything of a colored boy bont eighteen years old go by hyar this mornen?

'No, sah. 'He's my boy Sam, and I'm a-hunten him. He run away last night. He'll git a hundred of I ketch him.

"I ain't saw him, sah, 'n I tell yo' what, marst'r, ef I had saw him I wouldn't inform vo' ob de fac."

'Thet's the way with you niggers, since the Yankees turned your heads. But it won't last long. Our boys'll drive 'em so fur no'th pretty soon that you darkies'll hev to stop runnen away.'

'Now don' yo' believe dat so sarten." Do you really believe the Yanks can

'De Lo'd hes sent 'em to tote his colored people out o' bondage."

Mark was satisfied with this preliminary examination that he could trust

the old man. Uncle. I'm no secesh. I'm a Union man. I want to stay with you today and travel tonight. Keep me all day

and I'll go away as soon as it is dark." 'Fo' de Lo'd. I knowed yo' wa'n't no south'n man all de time."

'How?' 'Yo' ain't got de south'n man s way o' talken. Yo' did hit well enough, but yo' cain't fool me.'

Well, will you keep us?"

*Reckon I will, "What's your name?"

"Randolph's my name, sah. Jeff'son Randolph. My marst'r said he gib me a mighty big name, but hit didn't do no Dey always call me notten but

'You're as well off as the president of the Confederacy in that respect," said Mark "I gness we'll go inside.

Yes, go in dar. Keep dark." Mark and Jakey waited for the day to pass, and as they had no means of amusing themselves it passed very slowly Jakey played about the creek for awhile, but both were glad when the darkness came and they could get away.

Before setting out on his expedition Mark had carefully studied a map of the region, preferring to fix it in his mind than to carry it about his person. Upon leaving Jefferson Randolph's hut he made direct for the Tennessee river. Once there, he knew from his remembrance of the map that he was not far from Chattanooga, and that between him and that place was Moccasin point formed by a bend, or rather loop, in the river, the point putting out southward for more than two miles, with a distance of nearly a mile across its neck. But he knew the ground was high on the east shore of the peninsula, and he did not know the proper place to strike inland and cut off the distance around the river's margin. There was no one near to inform him, so he kept on by the

It was late at night when they reached a point where the river took a slight turn to the east, and about a mile from the quick bend around Moccasin point. Marx was anxious to enter Chattanooga either late at night or soon after daylight, hoping to meet few people, that his entrance might not be noticed. He cast his eye about for some means of crossing the river. Noticing a skiff moored just below a but, he surmised that the skiff belonged to some one living in the hut. Going to the door he knocked.

"Who's thar?"

"Do you uns own the skiff on the river below hvar?"

"Waal, supposen I does?"

"I want to cross.

"What d' y' want ter do thet fur at this time o' night?" 'Father dyen. Just got word a spell

"What'll y' give ter get over?"

"Five dollars.

"What kind o' shinplasters?" "Greenbacks."

"Whar d' y' git 'em?"

"From some people ez got 'em traden with the Yankee sojers at Battle Creek." "All right, stranger, but it's a sight o' bad times ter be called ter a man's door at night. You uns go down ter the river n I'll cover y' with my gun tel I know

yer all right." "I won't mind a small thing like that ef you'll put me 'n my leetle brother

Mark and his companion went down to the river. Pretty soon a wild looking man, with a beard growing straight out from his face like the spokes of a cart wheel, came cantiously down, covering them with a shotgun as he proceeded.

'Got a pass, stranger?"

'Reckon they won't let y' land when

get over thar. These army fellers are like a rat trap," said Mark: "they ain't so particular as to goen in; it's the goen out they don't like. But y' better try to strike a point on the river whar ther ain't no guard."

"Fur how much?" 'An extra fiver.'

"Greenback?" 'You ain't very patriotic. Won't y take Confederate bills?"

"Not when I can get green uns." "Y' ain't a Union man, are y"?

"No. But I know a valyble thing when I sees it."

The night would have been very dark had it not been for the moon behind the clouds. As it was, the boat could only be seen from the shore when they drew too near. They pulled up the river west of Moccasin point, keeping near the east bank. They could see campfires of guards on the other shore. Once, getting too near a river picket, they were seen and challenged. "Who goes thar?"

"Oh, none o' your business!" said Mark jokingly.

"Pull in hyar or I'll make it some o' my business.

"Oh, now, see hyar! We can't stop every five minutes to please a guard. How do you know but we're on army business?

"Well, pull in hyar and show your papers.

Meanwhile the ferryman was keeping the oars moving gently, and the boat turned at an angle with the current, which was taking the boat toward the east shore. "Now pull away hearty," whispered Mark, and the boat shot out of sight of the picket in a twinkling. A bullet whistled over their heads, but wide of the mark.

"Golly!" exclaimed Jakey. "What a purty tune it sings!"

They were now off Moccasin point. and Mark began to look for a landing place. Just above he noticed a campfire, and above this was a place where the bank was low, with overhanging trees. Mark directed the ferryman to pull for these trees. He slipped a handkerchief in one of the rowlocks-the only one used in turning the boat into shore-so as to muffle the oar. The coast seemed to be clear for a landing. but as they drew near they proceeded cautiously and listened for the slightest sound. The boat's nose touched without noise, and Mark and Jakey got out.

Mark handed the wild whiskered ferryman the crisp ten dollar note, which he clinched eagerly.

"Yer purty well ter do, stranger, consideren yer close."

"Didn't y' hyar what I said to the guard bout business for the army?"

"Yas. "Waal, don't say nothen 'bout it. Th'

Confederate service pays ez it goes." The ferryman cared little whom he pulled if he could make ten dollars in one night, and dipping his oars in the water rowed away from the shore.

Mark turned to look about bim. His first move was to get under the trees. From there he proceeded inland for a short distance, looking for something. "Ah, here it is!" he said presently.

'Now I know where I am." He had struck the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad, which runs close to the river bank for about a mile near where he landed. He knew he was about two miles from the town.

"Now, Jakey," he said, "we'll bivouac right here. As soon as it is light we must set out. Are you sleepy?" "Am I? Reckon I am!"

CHAPTER VII.



"Cap." he said, "I be'n thinken I'd like ter line the army.

At the first sign of dawn Mark awakened his companion, who was sleeping so soundly that it required a good shake to rouse him. Jakey sat up and rubbed his eyes with his fists while Mark looked about him. He could see down the river for half a mile, where he noticed bluffs to the water's edge, and thought it was lucky he had not been forced to land there. Beyond were the Raccoon mountains, while close to the southwest Lookout mountain towered above him.

After Jakey had completed his fist toilet-the only toilet either made-Mark led off on the railroad ties to Chattanooga. The railroad soon left the river bank, and they proceeded in a northeasterly direction, striking the town

from the south. A great many tents were in sight as they passed along, and Mark judged at once that there was a large force concentrated there. He was tempted to turn and retrace his steps, for he knew already what he was sent to discover, but to get out was more difficult than to get in, and he was not willing to risk an attempt in the daytime, so he entered the town in which citizen and soldier were alike asleep, and without meeting a soul walked about till he came to a hotel called the Crutchfield house. As he approached the door opened, and a negro boy with a broom in his hand

"Can I git a room?" asked Mark. "No, sah, not till de proprietor wakes

stood in the opening.

"My little brother is tired; he must go

The boy's eyes opened wide at a dollar

bill slipped in his hand. Without a word he took a key from the rack above a desk in the office, and in a few minutes both travelers were safely lodged. with no one but the negro having seen them enter the town or the house.

"So far, so good," said Mark. "Now comes the real racket. By this time tomorrow morning I shall be either safe across the river again, or I wouldn't give a Confederate bond for my life." After a few hours' sleep he rose, and

After breakfast he took Jakey and strolled around the town, making purchases. He thought it prudent to get some of his greenbacks changed for Confederate bills. He followed the sugges-

calling Jakev they made a toilet and

went down to breakfast. Mark had pur-

posely neglected to write his name on

the register, and hoped that the land-

lord would not notice the omission. But

as Mark Slack, Jasper, Tenn.

tion Jakey had made at setting out and bought some calico and tobacco and the squirrel gun Jakey had modestly suggested for himself. Mark was not unwilling to have the gun with them, as he thought it might possibly be of service in case he should get hunted and cornered; but in that event he counted very little on any means of defense ex-

cept flight or deception. Mark was astonished at the number of officers and soldiers he saw in the streets. He found a new general in command, of whom he had not heard as a prominent leader, Braxton Bragg. He made a circuit of the town and an estimate of the troops, but this was of little value, for upon the arrival of trains regiment after regiment marched into camp. Mark stood on the sidewalk holding Jakey by the hand, looking at the Confederates tramping along under the stars and bars, their bands, when they had any, which was rare, playing discordantly "Dixie" or "The Bonny Blue

What regiment air thet 'ar?" asked Mark of a soldier standing beside him puffing at a rank cigar.

"Eighth Tennessee," "Whar they all come from?" "Tupelo. Come from thar m'self a

'Whar y' goen?" "Only old Bragg knows, and he won't tell. Reckon we're goen no'th to Knoxville ter foller th' two brigades ez went up a spell ago."

What troops air all these hyar and them ez is comen?

"Waal, thar's Cheatham's and Withers' divisions, and I reckon Anderson's. saw Gineral Polk terday, 'n they say Hardee's hyar. I'm in th' Twenty fourth Tennessee m'self, and thet's Cheatham's. Lay's cayalry brigade is hyar. Thet's all the cavalry I knows on.

Mark was amazed. A large southern force was concentrating at Chattanooga and perhaps they would pour into Tennessee or Kentucky by one of the routes pointed out to him by his general. It was a splendid plan, provided the general who was to execute it could keep his enemy from knowing his intentions long enough to throw an army on his flank or rear.

Then in making a circuit of the town Mark was impressed with the natural strength of the position. He gazed over the plain eastward, his eye resting on Missionary ridge, but did not dream of the soldiers' battle destined to take place there a year later, when the men in the Army of the Cumberland, disregarding the plans of their superiors, would start from the bottom of that mountain and defeat an enemy pouring shot and shell down upon them from the top.

"Why didn't our generals occupy this place when they could?" sighed Mark.

"Now it is too late." While it was evident to Mark that the enemy were concentrating for a move against the Union lines, there was nothing to indicate where they would strike except the mention of the two brigades as having gone to Knoxville. He knew that they might strike any one of several points from Battle Creek to Knoxville, and eagerly sought for some indication where it would be. He strolled about with Jakey all the afternoon, the two sufficiently resembling country bumkins to avoid suspicion. Passing a recruiting station, Mark went inside the tent, where an officer was writing at a pine table.

"Cap," he said, "I be'n thinken I'd like ter jine the army.' "You're just the man we want.

You've got plenty of bone and muscle. I should reckon you'd been in the ranks afore this. "Waal, I don't want ter fight outen

my state 'f I kin help it." What state? "Tennessee. "I reckon you'll have a chance to fight

in it if you join the army.' "Reckon so?" 'Yas: I'm recruiten fur Cheatham's

division. Thar all Tennessee rigements in our division except the artillery 'n a rigement o' Georgia and one o' Texas in-"Whar is yer division?"

"Across the river. At Dallas or Poe's: somewhar up thar. Y' better let me put yer down fur my rigement, the -Tennessee.

"I mought hev ter go way down south." "No fear o' that jest now.

"What makes y' cal'clate on 't?" "There's two divisions across now-

ourn and Withers'. Y' don't reckon their goen ter cross the river fur the purpose c' marchen south, do v'?' "Oh, I don't know nothen bout mili-

'Waal, will you join us?"

"Ef y' reckon all the sojers here is goen to fight in old Tennessee, I reckon I will. The abolition army hez overrun our state. 'n I want ter see 'em driv out.'

"The way to do it, my good man, is to take a musket and help. "Do ye reckon th't's what we're goen

ter do?" "I tell you that two divisions are already across, and I happen to know that all the transportation in the shape of cars and locomotives that can be found are bein corraled hvar fur a further

movement. Come, now, my man, stop

talken and take yer place whar ye

The officer took up a pen. 'All right, cap, count me in. I'll jest go 'n git my bundle and be back hyar in

half an hour.' The captain hesitated. Mark began to fear that he was thinking of using force rather than let so promising a re-

cruit go. "Are you sure you'll come back?" "Sarten, cap.'

oughter be. What's yer name?"

Mark moved away, and it was not until he had got out of sight that he realized he had run a great risk, for he saw that the captain would have detained him had he not believed in his sincerity about enlisting.

he did, and the guest entered his name

Mark went straight to the botel and paid his bill. He feared the recruiting officer might send for him or have him followed, so without waiting to eat his supper he made a package of his purchases. Jakey took his gun and slung his powder and shot flask over his shoulder. Then the two left the hotel to begin an attempt to leave Chattanooga. Their stay had been only from sunrise to sunset, but Mark had gained all the information he was likely to acquire and was anxious to get away with True, he did not know where the enemy would strike, but this he would not be likely to learn.

> CHAPTER VIII. PASSING A PICKET.



He turned to look at the sentinel.

Going down to the ferryboat they ound a boat which had all it could do to carry the soldiers and citizens who were crossing. Mark thought he would try what assurance would do in getting across without a pass. He found the

guard more watchful than he expected. "Can't y' pass me 'n my ledle brother. lieutenant?" he asked. "We be'n doen some traden in Chattanoogy and want ter git home. We be'n buyen some caliker for the women folks."

"Old Bragg himself couldn't go over without a pass," responded the officer.
"Whar mought git one?" asked Mark.

"At headquarters, I reckon." Mark turned away. He considered the expediency of going to headquarters and asking for a pass, but regarded this course fraught with too much risk. He determined to make an attempt to get out of town and across the river by the route over which he had entered. He knew the ground by this route, and that was a great advantage. If he could steal his way beyond the picket he could doubtless find a method of crossing. Perhaps he might make his way down the river and across at Shell mound, or. still lower, to the mouth of Battle creek.

held by the Union forces. Mark skirted the town on the west, and then took a course directly south till he came to the railroad. This he followed to a point near where he had bivouacked the night before. Crawling to a rise in keep back, he laid down on his stomach to make a survey.

It was nearly dark. Silhouettes of figures were passing between him and a campfire beside the railroad track. Beyond, the palisades of Lookout mountain stood out boldly against a streak of twilight in the west. Between the track and the river was an open space, over which he must pass to get by the picket. The river bank would afford some protection. Near where he was it was steep. and the current set directly against it. but lower down by the picket there appeared to be places where a man could walk under the low bluff.

The moon was about three-quarters full, and the night was clear except for clouds that would float lazily over Lookout mountain and across the moon's face, so that at times her light was partly obscured. Mark thought of waiting till she had set, but this would not be till after daylight. He made up his mind to make the attempt at once.

Calling Jakey he gave him an account of what he intended to try for, and told him that if it should be necessary to run under fire the boy was to lie down, and, if necessary, give himself up, but on no account to risk being shot. Jakey only half promised, and Mark was obliged to be satisfied with this. Then, waiting for a little while longer for the twilight to entirely disappear and a cloud to obscure the moon, he lay on the ground gathering his forces and getting his mind into that cool state requisite for one who is about to make a very haz-

ardous attempt. Presently the conditions were favorable, and he got up and led the way to the river bank, which he proposed to skirt. He left his bundle, but took Jakey's gun, loaded and capped, in his hand. They soon gained the point where they had landed the night before-nearly opposite where Mark had seen the silhouettes on the railroad. Treading as noiselessly as possible, they passed along the river margin under the overhanging bank till they came to a place where the bank was low. Stooping, they proceeded for a short distance till they reached the root of a tree that had been felled long before. Here they paused and listened.

Suddenly they heard what sounded like a musket brought from a shoulder down to the hollow of a hand, and a

"Who comes thar?"

"Corporal of the guard, with relief." "Advance, corporal, and give the counersign.

Then there was some muttering and footsteps tramping away.

Mark peeped between the roots of the sounds had come. He saw, not a hundred Drug Co. for 25c. feet away, a man sitting on a log with

tits musket resting against his shoulder. the butt on the ground. He was looking listlessly up at the sky. Presently he took a clay pipe out of his pocket, which he filled, and touching a match lighted it. 'He's the river picket," said Mark to

himself. The sentinel sat smoking while Mark meditated. His first thought was, Why did I bring this boy? The situation was . perilous enough without an encumbrance. The guard was facing the space over which they would have to pass to escape: there might be a slight chance for life to make a dash were he alone, but with the boy it was not to be thought of, and Mark was unwilling to leave him. He looked back with a view to retracing the route over which he had come. He was horrified to see a sentinel pacing a hundred yards above. He had een placed there by the relief.

The only hope was to wait for the man nearest him to relax his watchfulness. and attempt to pass him. The sentinel up the river was not to be feared except by going back, for from the nature of the ground the fugitives would be hidden from him if they should go forward.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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penses -		1 50	
	Beginning 2d Mo., Boa	rd 5 00	5.00
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-		28 50	28 00
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